
THE SIXTH
E P O D E
OF
H O R A C E
IMITATED.

(11)

OLD

HOUSE

THE SIXTH
E P O D E
O F
H O R A C E
I M I T A T E D.

Quid immerentes hospites vexas. &c.

Printed in the Year MDCCLIII.

THE FIFTH

E. P. O. D. R.

||
O. T.

H. O. R. A. C. M.

THE



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

THE SIXTH
E P O D E
O F
HORACE, &c.

A GAINST the hospitable Guest.
 Friendly Partaker of the Feast,
 Much undeserving of thy Hate,
 To beat thee far too good, and great,
 Why dost thou Snarl, contemptuous Cur?
 To hunt the Wolf, thou dare'st not stir;

Nay,

Quid immerentes Hospites vexas, Canis,
 Ignavus adversum Lupos?

Nay, for a Sop wouldst slack thy Pace,
 Ev'n in thy fav'rite Rabbet Chace.
 Or when along the Furzy Sward,
 Thou fright'st the little *Singing Bird*.

Of th' unadultrate English Kind,
 The Flocks, and blameless Shepherd's Friend,
 My daring Province is profest,
 O'er snowy Rocks lost in the Sky,
 Or where so e'er they howling fly,
 To hunt the noxious savage Beast.
 I nip the sneaking Castor's Stones,
 And of sly Renard make no Bones;
 I take the Lion by the Beard,
 And churn the Hearts Blood of the Pard.
 If thou dare'st Snarl then, Snarl at me,
 And see if I don't worry thee.

We'll drop the Metaphor—If Spite—
 If Lies provoke—know then, I write!

If

Quin Huc, Inanes, si potes, vertis minas,
 Et me remorsurum petis?
 Nam qualis aut Molossus, aut fulvus Lacon,
 (Amica vis Postoribus)
 Agam per altas, aure Sublata, nives
 Quæcunque præcedet fera.
 Tu quum timenda voce compleffi nemus
 Projectum odoraris Cibum.

If Worth, and Virtue are abus'd,
 Instant my Noble Spirit's rous'd.
 If a mean Slave insults his K—,
 As naturally as Larks I sing;
 And Rhime's a shrewd, provoking Thing.
 What School-boy has not heard of *Peter*,
 The Burthen of unlucky Metre?
 Rhimes made him fret. Why—can't you guess?
 None felt the Force of Genius less;
 But Pox—they hurt his *Business*.
 Rhimes drove e'er now a forry Rogue
 To hang himself up like a Dog;
 They're never done—but *tease*, and *tease*,
 The Villain, for his Villaines.
 —Kanves! think of this another Time,
 And dread the *Majesty* of Rhime!

Cave, Cave. nanque in malos asperrimus
 Parata tollo cornua:
 Qualis Lycambæ Spretus infido Gener,
 Aut acer hostis Bupalus.
 An, Si Quis atro dente me petiveret,
 Inultus ut flebo Puer?

F I N I S.

If Wealth and Virtue are about,

Is not my Noble Spirit's soul?

If a mean Slave indites his H

As naturally as I can I sing,

And Thomas's a heart, providing thing.

What School-boy has not heard of P

The Tension of univ

Thomas made his heart

Stone for the Power of G

But I see they have his

Thomas drove out now a

To have himself up

They never come — but

The William, for his

— I never think of this

And read the story of

Good, C. a. says is

— I see

— I see

— I see

— I see

P I W I S

